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Two Vespers.—Two Miserere.
Pygmalion, opera in one act.
Achille, opera in one act.

I do not think—and I do not find in any of his biographies or in any theatre register—that these two last works have ever been represented. All that I can say upon this subject, is, that, after the death of Donizetti, the maestro Dolci gave up all that music to the composer's heirs. The lawyer Cicconnetti affirms that Joseph Donizetti took his share with him to Constantinople, and that the other portion, falling to Francesco, was bequeathed by him to Dolci, Francesco having only survived his uncle Gaetano six months.

Among the musical pages left by Donizetti at the time of his departure for Venice, pages which, however, were not amongst those confided to Dolci, we must mention five quatuors of the greatest beauty, and which have remained unknown during thirty-eight years.

Written for the Art Journal.

A PIECE OF MOSS FROM ALANDOR.

Dead withered scrap of Greenness, dropt
 From the lost glory of a day—
 I keep you when the light is dark—
 The dew-drops dried, the verdure grey.

I keep you for the twilight star
 That rose through trembling evening air—
 A single spark alone in heaven,
 When all the West was rosy-fair.

I keep you for the sake of suns
 That set across that lonely hill—
 Casting the shadows of the graves
 While clover-shadows lay as still.

For love of wind, and sun, and dew,
 That kissed your back of silver green;
 For love of mountain, earth and heaven,
 And all the world that throbb'd between!

For smiles remembered with a tear,
 And words we lightly spoke that day;
 And faces, seen so near, that since
 Have faded from my life away.

I keep you—and I read your spell
 With many a smile and many a sigh;
 Such smiles as tremble unaware,
 For e'en the weariest days gone by.

But *this* was bright, as days of old,
 That dawned on green Arcadia's plain—
 Such suns, once set, rise never more
 Upon such lightsome hearts again!

And never fall the twilight shades
 Upon our faces met so near;
 And for that hour and its grace,
 I hold the withered flower most dear.

As, musing on the hand that gave,
 I see, with smiles that come and go,
 The passion of the haughty face—
 The dark eye's fitful violet glow!

Green moss, that spread a carpet once
 For feet so weary by the way—
 Tired with pleasure, followed far
 Into the dying of the day—

I keep you with a tender dream
 Of all that summer idyl knew—
 For lips and eyes that smiled and shone,
 For sun and starlight, wind and dew!

MINETTE.

THE HAPPY RETURN.

BY CHARLES H. WOODHULL.

In a minor capital in Germany, there were seated, some years ago, three persons, in a modestly furnished room, boasting of little beyond the mere necessities, yet scrupulously clean, and strangely relieved from more than mediocrity, by a large handsome piano-forte, which filled almost the fourth part of the room. Father, mother and daughter formed the trio.

"Again lost in thought, Anna. Have you no cheerful word for us, no music to drive away the dull hour? Will you be thus ever away from us in mind?"

Anna started at her father's words, repressed not the sigh that would come, but answered quickly—"Yes, father, I will play to you willingly;" and proceeding to the piano, she opened it and drew from it music that would, indeed, charm away heaviness of soul.

"Right, my dear daughter," said the father; "let our misunderstanding be drowned in the art which mutually binds us; but come here to my side, and let me hear the sweeter music of thy voice."

Anna again obeyed instantly, and placed her hands in her father's.

"See, child," he said, "you are our joy and our consolation. When a fire ruined our home, when illness succeeding it shattered my frame, and we were almost houseless, your genius and talent preserved us from despair. You, who had but worked at your own pleasure, became then the support of the family, and nobly you have sacrificed your time and health to us; but when an opportunity offers that you can so advantageously alter our position, why not do it? We have given you the required time for reflection—three months; there is but one fortnight wanting, and still you keep back. Why should we permit you ever to work for us?"

"Dearest father, let me do so, and keep my hand for him who has my heart. How can I marry Senator Bodlingen, if nothing but esteem for a respectable character lives in me for him? and how shall I drive my Edmund's picture from my soul, were I even to become the wife of another?"

"Your cousin Edmund has long forgotten you, Anna. He has now been gone more than eighteen months, and has not let us know by a line that he respects the half child-like promise you made to each other. When he went we were in easy circumstances—no want oppressed us; but now matters are different, and who knows, were he even to return, whether he would not spurn the cousin who has to earn her parents' and her own bread. Meanwhile, a wealthy and respectable man offers you his hand, and you will not accept it."

"Father, urge me not longer," sobbed Anna; "I ever obeyed you—you who have educated me, taught me all I know—trained my mind—oh, but I cannot say yes now. The time fixed will soon have passed, and then I must take the step which must be inevitable before I can take it."

"Very well, my child, I will speak of it no more, but the thought haunts me, what is to become of us all if you continue obstinate. I am broken down, your mother is getting feeble with anxiety, your two younger sisters are unprovided for, and you are getting pale and thin with the daily routine of lesson giving. Do you know you work for five now?"

"And gladly, dearest father, would I always work for you all, if you would but let me, and not try to free me from cares by a marriage with the senator; look, father, I am stronger than you think," and she rose to her full height before him.

"My child, it is getting dark, I cannot see you; but you will break my heart if you do not soon let me have the certainty that, should anything happen to me, you would be all provided for."

"Father, I place my fate in your hands, and do but ask the fortnight that remains," replied Anna, with resignation.

Two merry voices were heard at the door; they were those of the two younger girls, who rushed into the room, calling in a breath—

"Father, Anna, Senator Bollingen is coming, and you are all in the dark here. Make haste! make haste! he followed us, as we returned from aunty's house, and told us that he was coming here, so we ran on to announce him."

"Courage, my child," gently said the mother, as she hastened to light the lamp and draw the blinds. "Will you not for a moment arrange your dress?"

"Oh, no, mother; Edmund would be satisfied to see me thus, and so shall the senator," said Anna, as she seated herself near the table with her work.

A slight knock was heard at the door of the room, and the father's "Come in" soon brought Senator Bodlingen within the circle of the little family. He was a tall, spare man, scrupulously dressed, with a high, unmeaning forehead and vacant eyes; you might have guessed his age to be about forty, although he was in reality but thirty-five. All rose to welcome him, and he was invited to occupy a place on the sofa, while Anna kept her chair.

"How much milder the weather has become!" he remarked; "we shall soon have Spring, and with it the bright side of nature."

"But Winter is a merry time," chimed the little girls, "and we in school are very sorry it will soon be over."

"Yes, but you little folks may not have to think that when it is over; a long time of patient expectation will have passed," said the senator.

"Ah! you mean you will expect sister Anna to marry you then?" said the youngest, a saucy girl of thirteen; "do not be sure; I dreamt last night that you were both before the altar, when suddenly a man with green spectacles bore her away, and you could not stir, but merely looked after her."

"Hush, hush, child!" both parents called out; "and that you may repent your rash speeches, you had better go to bed at once with your sister."

"Senator Bodlingen brings us no luck; so I shall never vote for him," cried the little girl, the tears starting to her eyes; and taking her sister by the hand, they disappeared behind a screen, which guarded the entrance to their alcove.

"Will you not play us some smart air, Fraulein Anna?" he asked.

"Not to-night; I am sorry, but you must excuse me."

"I have taken the liberty now," began the senator, "to call on you to-night, Herr and Madame Helmer and Fraulein Anna, to bring back to your memory the promise of nearly three months' standing; this day fortnight the time will have expired on which